

Press-Herald

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A Message for Youth

The governmental system of the United States was originally dedicated to the proposition that the freedom of the individual was of paramount importance and that with due regard for the rights of others, he should be left free to manage his own affairs and profit from his abilities.

All we have to do is look around us to realize that this way of doing things has been an unparalleled success. Our whole system depends on maintaining opportunity for the individual, and it depends on individuals who wish to pursue that opportunity—to compete, to work, to build and to create the things that add up to the material wealth of our nation today. Many people are concerned that our affluent society is not producing enough of the kind of individuals among our young people who will carry on in the challenging competitive atmosphere so essential to the productive accomplishment of our economic system.

A Harvard Business School survey has indicated that only 12 per cent of today's college students plan to go into business as a career—88 per cent were disinterested. Many of them seem to feel that business does not offer a challenge, that it is boring. One typical view being, "Business isn't where the action is." Commenting on this, a well-known industrialist, F. Rockwell Jr., observes: "Youth says that it wants more than business can offer. It wants a challenge. At the same time youth says that it doesn't like the competitive nature of business life. Somebody needs to tell these young people that 'challenge' and 'competition' go together by definition of the words themselves. And perhaps we all need to do a better job of telling youth about the tremendous contributions to a healthy and dynamic society made by business every day of our lives." In conclusion, he expresses the opinion that a more determined effort should be made "... to show the adults of tomorrow that business has much to offer to those who have something to give."

The future belongs to the young people of today. Nothing could be more vital than that they understand, support, and work to preserve the private property, free enterprise, economic system on which their well-being and political liberty depend.

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

Although you watched part of the Academy Awards the other night, I don't think you got much out of it, because you fell asleep in the middle, having finished most of your bottle.

Maybe I'm an old-fashioned father, Bruce, but I was unhappy to see the show, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" get a number of awards. Is that an unreasonable, old-fashioned attitude? Maybe, but that's the way I feel. I asked some of my students who went whether they enjoyed it. Not one said yes.

After seeing the play, I had about the same feeling that I would have gotten from dumping our garbage on the coffee table and considering the significance of the garbage. Some of my friends tell me that the play is such a good portrayal of some decadent people. I suppose it is that, but who cares?

I don't really enjoy going to the movies to be depressed, and "Virginia Woolf" was the most depressing thing I've seen in a long time. I was so square that I got a big kick out of "Mary Poppins" and the "Sound of Music." I prefer going to the movies to be amused, not depressed.

I suppose part of the attraction of the movie—certainly one of its most publicized features—is the use of numerous four-letter words, and several people reported they went just to see if such words actually were used in a movie. Again, I don't have to go to a movie to hear that.

I suppose that in order to compete with TV, the movies have to be shocking enough to draw the crowds. If they aren't better than ever, movies are dirtier than ever, anyhow.

Yours for old-fashioned amusement,
Your dad

Morning Report:

It's pretty easy to kick the postal service as Postmaster General Larry O'Brien did the other day. So, it does run in the red better than a billion a year. That's nothing. The Department of Defense racked up a bigger deficit and never delivered one letter.

The fact is the Post Office Department is doing its job — which is to deliver the mail.

And that big loss is a bookkeeping arrangement anyway. If all the other departments of the Government started paying for their mail instead of getting a free ride, O'Brien might be able to show a tidy profit. For starters, I'd like to see Congress charged for all the free seeds, free pamphlets, free advice, and free plugs sent out by our statesmen to us helpless voters.

Abe Mellinkoff

Dropouts? We Could Use More Like This



WILLIAM HOGAN

Manchester Pens Glowing Piece of History on JFK

The gloves belonged to John F. Kennedy Jr. Miss Shaw had put them on upstairs, and his mother had noticed them and approved. Next time she looked they were gone. "Where are your gloves, John?" Jacqueline Kennedy asked, and he produced them. She helped with the snaps glanced away, glanced back, and stared. No gloves. "John, put your gloves on," she said.

"He doesn't have to wear gloves," Robert Kennedy said. She thought he did; again the cycle was repeated, and this time he couldn't find them. They had been confiscated by the Attorney General. Gloves, he thought, were for sissies; he had been quietly urging John to peel them off, and rather than upset her with an argument he had waited until no one was looking and slipped them into his own pocket. He assured her that "Boys don't wear gloves."

This was during the pageantry of the funeral. A reader suspects this is the sort of anecdotal material Jacqueline Kennedy poured onto Manchester's tape, the famous ten hours of talk she agreed to give him. The gloves are what a mother, or widow under stress, would remember, not the sort of thing Robert Kennedy would talk about, if he remembered.

This is how meticulous, how enormously detailed Manchester's research has been in this sweeping recapitulation of the days just prior to, and after the assassination. Many of the vignettes are powerful and moving, and of course the "hard news" has been dredged from it over months, first during the book's magazine serialization, later when at least one newspaper jumped publication date, and triggered more details from this important historical document into the news media.

We have heard stories from it — such as the widow overruling a suggestion by the Roman Catholic hierarchy that the funeral be held at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington as well as the idea of Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston that the President be entombed in the middle of the Boston Common. Or that President de Gaulle was urged not to walk behind the casket after CIA received an "absolutely reliable" report that he would be assassinated. (De Gaulle's reply was "Pfft.")

But Manchester is much more forceful, it seems to me, in portraying the chilling anti-Kennedy atmosphere of Dallas (or Big D, as this desparately urbane Southwestern metropolis

prefers to be known) on the day the President arrived for a function that was really just an attempt to smooth over some shoddy infighting in Texas Democratic ranks. Early in the morning handbills appeared on the streets, with portraits, face on and in profile, like a post office FBI handbill, carrying the legend: "This man is

Books

wanted for treasonous activities against the U.S." and offering a seven-point bill of particulars.

Madness is not a virus; it does not strike all at once. And as Manchester looks into Lee Oswald's disease, which had been in process all his life, a reader is jarred all over again by vignettes of the President over the days, and hours, before the fatal shot. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, for example, speaking with the President during a reception at the White House: "This is hello and good-bye. We're leaving for Japan. 'I know,' the President replied, making a face. . . . 'And I've got to go to Texas. . . . God, how I wish we could change places!'"

The detail piles on and on. Actually, there seems to be too much of it (the business of John-John's gloves), too much small talk and discussions of Mrs. Kennedy's wardrobe (including the pillbox hat she wore that day in Big D). And the clerk at the Book Depository buying an early edition of the Dallas Times-Herald (at the corner of Elm and Houston), then running inside, waving the newspaper map of the Presidential motorcade. Yet, this is the big jig-saw puzzle, complete as it probably ever will be. It is a fascinating, fatiguing, frustrating story as we live it all over again, this time at closer, more intimate range, as the author sifts through his 45 volumes and portfolios of transcribed tapes, documents and exhibits — 350,000 words of it.

The book is historic source material, no question about that. It is a book for the ages, the document that (if anything) might dispel the myths that could accumulate around John F. Kennedy, American folk hero — the potential Arthur, Sigfried, Roland or Apollo of the American 1960s.

Manchester has performed an enormous job and his book is a glowing piece of historical writing with emphasis on human values. I detect nothing in it that should embarrass members of the Kennedy family (seven pages were deleted from the original manuscript following the unfortunate legal contretemps of last December). Jacqueline Ken-

edy comes through it as a regal and towering figure. Sensitive, intelligent, literate, relentless and uncompromising, Manchester puts it this way in a foreword:

"No one tried to lead me, and I believe every reader, including those who were closest to the late President, will find much here that is new and some, perhaps, that is disturbing. That is my responsibility. Mrs. Kennedy asked me but one question. 'Before our first taping session she said, 'Are you going to put down all the facts, who ate what for breakfast and all that, or are you going to put yourself in the book, too?' I replied that I didn't see how I could very well keep myself out of it. 'Good,' she said emphatically. And so I am here, weighing evidence and forming judgments. At times you may find my presence exasperating. You may decide in the end that I have been a poor judge. But you may not conclude that I have served as anyone's amanuensis. . . ."

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Ask a Silly Question . . . Bobby K Gets the Point

According to the Nat'l Observer, Bobby Kennedy complained to Robert Scheer, managing editor of Ramparts magazine: "Don't you people at Ramparts ever have anything nice to say about anybody?" Scheer: "Yes, but first we have to have something to go on!" The ABC network is high on Pia Lindstrom. After she goes to Paris and Rome in June ("to pick up some of the things I left behind — I came here in an awful hurry"), she'll go into an ABC training program that will land her a newscasting job in N.Y. or Washington. . . . Screen star Lee Marvin, spooning the oyster stew at Bernstein's Fish Grotto, was asked by Dick Bernstein: "Is this lousy weather ruining your shooting schedule?" Marvin: "Nah, makes no difference — we're shooting at night." I don't think I get it either.

Rick Cluchey, who became a playwright while a prisoner at San Quentin, is staging the premiere of his "The Cage" at the Rossmoor Adult Community (nr. Walnut Creek) on April 28-29, and he has been advertising for ex-convicts to fill out the cast. Of the 25 who responded, he discovered six weren't ex-cons at all. Rick, dismiss-

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Senate Moves to Put End To State Forced Housing

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR
Capitol News Service
SACRAMENTO — The state senate took a memorable step in carrying out the will of the people of California recently, when it voted 23-15 to wipe the Rumford forced housing act off the statute books of California.

The history of the act, which eliminates free choice in the matter of handling personal property, is rather well known by this time. It prevents a property owner from selling, renting, or leasing his own home or other property he owns to individuals of his own choosing.

The act was passed during a period more or less of hysteria, when a throng of civil rights propagandists camped in the state Capitol itself, and dispersed only when the senate gave its final okay to the forced housing measure.

Later, the people passed, by a huge majority, a measure known as Proposition 14, which nullified the Rumford Act. And even later, the state Supreme Court held proposition 14 unconstitutional as far as the federal constitution was concerned, putting the Rumford Act back in business. Now it is

before the United States Supreme Court itself for a final decision.

In taking the action the senate did, the legislative body took a forward step in restoring the rights of the people of the state. The idea that the state can legislate morals was proven fallacious with the demise of prohibition some 35 years ago. The Rumford Act has been held

Sacramento

up to the people of the state as a moral issue, to the effect it is immoral to discriminate on matters pertaining to one's own personal belongings.

The hard facts are that no moral issue is involved at all, as the choice is left solely up to the individual who owns property. Under the Rumford Act, government, which is made up of the people, forces the individual to sell, rent, or lease property to individuals who might not be of his own choice.

Without the Rumford Act, and the people have said it emphatically, the choice is as it should be under the U.S. Constitution, a matter of individual preference.

And the senate has voted to restore the rights of the people to their own property. As Senator Hugh M.

Burns, D-Fresno, who carried the bill, said, "the question is not one of discrimination, or anti-discrimination, it is a matter of what the people of the state want as expressed by their overwhelming vote in favor of Proposition 14 in 1964."

Governor Ronald Reagan during his campaign expressed a desire for outright repeal of the Rumford Act. The Republican party said it should be revised to make it more workable. But the people expressed themselves unequivocally in favor of repeal. Some senators in argument on the floor, attempted to show that the will of the people made no difference as far as repeal was concerned, among them Alford H. Song, D-Monterey Park, but the arguments carried little weight in a body devoted to the interests of the people.

The measure has a further course to run, and that is passage through the assembly, where its fate is doubtful. In fact, it could wind up in the lower house, without even getting out of committee, depending on which committee gets the measure for consideration.

But in any event, the first step has been taken, and it remains to be seen what the final step will be.

ROYCE BRIER

Early Officials Thought Postal Service Would Pay

Though we usually think of Benjamin Franklin as the father of American postoffices, his association with colonial offices was nebulous, and his diplomatic duties abroad soon interrupted it.

In the 1780s post road mileage was 2400 and there were 76 offices. When the Constitution gave the Congress power "to establish post-offices and post-roads," Hamilton and some others thought the new "Post Office Establishment" would be profitable.

But it seldom was. Postal receipts were about \$25,000 annually for 250,000 letters. By 1840, with railroads in service, this had increased to 70 million units, about 2 per capita annually. The department could have made money from the populous

eastern seaboard, but the margin was wiped out by cost of frontier service.

For most of a century cost of operation and service expansion has always grown faster than receipts, which now run about \$600 million annually. Paying the postoffice deficit from the treasury has long been an annual congressional rite.

Yet since the war the department has come under

World Affairs

rising public criticism for poor service, especially notable in the past two or three years. As late as 1938 the department was carrying 150 letters per capita daily, and this has now risen to over 400. Junk and franked mail, of course, accounts for

a considerable share of this burden. Even the cult of the greeting card has added to the load.

The department has always been a political football, and the Congress has never cared that it is not operated on business principles.

So comes Postmaster General L. F. O'Brien with a proposal to overturn the entire system, divorce it from political connection and operate as a non-profit government corporation.

O'Brien told a meeting of the Magazine Publishers Association, the corporation should have no Cabinet connection, but have a governing board of directors appointed by the President.

This board would name a chief executive who would have control over postal rates, doubtless subject to the board's check. The corporation could issue bonds to pay for new and needed facilities.

He said the present department operates under a maze of regulations and undefined areas of authority. Most of this regulatory system has grown up under the administration of past Congresses, and O'Brien would free it and its 700,000 employees to provide incentive and efficiency.

Whether the Congress will study such a plan, or dismiss it as chimerical, one wouldn't know. The Congress has never been given to innovation. Nor, in so vast and complex an undertaking, could one have an intelligent opinion as to whether it would work, if tried. Offhand you might guess nothing could be gained under the present postal rates. Maybe we (and our representatives) prefer to kid ourselves that we have a going concern, so why derail it?

San Francisco

careful," explains Rick. "He'd spot a phony ex-con in a minute."

Hotel strikes back — and out: Arthur Hailey of Napa Valley, author of the best-selling novel, "Hotel," was almost trapped recently in a fire that destroyed the big old Mount Royal Hotel in Banff, Canada. Fighting his way through the smoke, he dashed up and down the long wooden hallways, pounding on doors, and then, with his fellow guests, made it outside. Suddenly, with a gasp, he ran back into the blazing hotel, shaking off firemen, to rescue a most precious object from his room — the manuscript of his next and still uncompleted novel, "Airport." After that's published, I advise him to stay out of planes.

Today's Dandy Yankee

Doodlebug is the distinguished surgeon who attended a dinner, was served an excellent French wine, and loudly refused to drink it "for patriotic reasons" — although the guest of honor was a man from Paris. The doctor stamped out to his car and returned with a bottle of California wine, whereupon the Frenchman topped him, "May I try some of that sir?" he asked. Then, taking a sip, he nodded deadpan: "Interesting, most interesting. . . ."

A man is a sorry thing, especially in the rain. He can put on sturdy shoes, wear a raincoat and carry a big umbrella, but how does he keep the crease in his pants from being washed away? The power of the press is no help. . . . No wonder the men's hat industry is worried. How long has it been since you've seen one of those old-fashioned wire hat racks under a theater seat? Or maybe the hat industry isn't worried at all. The guy who used to make those old-fashioned wire hat racks, HE'S worried! . . . Oh. As long as we're on the subject, I nominate for oblivion those plastic rain covers for men's hats. Ugh! Even a bad case of the flu is preferable.

My Neighbors



I think I've had enough now I'll remember my address!